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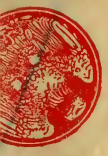

MY FIRST POEMS

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MY FIRST POEMS

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By

MARGARET HUNTINGTON

[1916]

LOS ANGELES
The FRED S. LANG COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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By MARGARET HUNTINGTON

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THIS BOOK *is one of a truly "Limited Edition" of the little Author's poems, written when she was seven and eight years of age. We trust the reader will enjoy the contents almost as much as did*

HER LOVING FATHER AND MOTHER.

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The Bright Sun

The sun awakes at early dawn
And never did I see him mourn,
For his bright face is always light
As 'round the world he turns in flight.

He wakes the birds, and flowers, too,
And little children just like you;
He gives the world a sunny light
And all the dull things, he makes bright.

And on a very rainy day
He says to the clouds in a very cross way,
"I'm going to push with all my might
And give the world a bit of light."

THE SONG OF THE TREES

[*Written for* ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE]

I HEAR the song of the trees
In the soft morning breeze.
The rustling of their bright leaves
Makes music one ne'er believes
Could come from Nature's voice,
So sweet is it, so clear, so choice.
For the lovely new leaves
Of the redwood trees
Clap their hands in glee
Because they are so free.
They swing their branches to and fro
In the soft west winds that blow,
And say to the world with its throng:
"O listen to my peaceful song!"

The Moon

God made the moon, so it could light
Through all the long, long night.
I think I'd like to be the moon,
And roam about the sky
Till all the bright stars die.

The Wind

The wind whistles softly in the night
When the stars shine in the heavens bright.
You hear it sing for miles away;
Listen now, and you'll hear it say:
"O! let me play, let me play."
It sings the curly-headed baby to sleep
And wakes it from its slumber deep.

SPRING

IN the winter I was lonely
On a cold and frosty day;
But O joy! The spring has come
With its flowers, bright and gay.

And I wish they would stay always,
With the birds that sing their lays;
Now I'll climb the shady bowers,
That are filled with blooming flowers.

The Flower Houses

I am growing pretty flowers;
They look like steeples and towers.
Bees and butterflies to them fly
And in the buds and petals lie.
Then to the flowers they say "Good-by"
And to their homes they happily fly.

The Doves

THROUGH meadow and vale,
Down hill and dale,
My lovey doves flitter
Their wings all aglitter.

My mother says: "Go catch them, dear,
And try to bring them here."
I ran so fast and so far,
That I had to come home in the car.

THE WORLD'S BEAUTIES

I LOVE the beauties of the world,
The flowers and trees around it curled.
O! how I love to walk by the stream!
O! how the little ripples gleam!
I love to watch the birds in the sky;
It seems as tho they'd never die.
And at night-time when the moon is out
I cannot help having a little doubt
That it is made of pure gold,
Even tho I have been told.
And O! how dark would be the night
If the stars gave us no light!
And the beauties which come in my dreams
Are flowers, trees, birds and gentle streams.

The Lambs

Down in the meadow so green and fair,
The shepherd keeps such watchful care
Of the lambs so fleecy white,
That they never leave his sight.

The little lambs seem so dear
That his faithful listening ear
Is always open to hear their cry,
For he always stands close by.

LENT

THIS is the holy time of Lent
When we learn of Jesus, who was sent
To teach the people on the earth
Of the Saviour's life and birth.

He told the old, He told the young
To listen to His holy tongue,
And He would be their guide and friend,
And all their faults He'd surely mend.

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING is a happy day,
When tired folks try to be gay.
There ought not to be a sigh,
When those who love us are close by.

When the pilgrims landed, safe and sound,
Upon the earth, the solid ground,
They thanked and prayed and showed their love
To Him who rules the Heavens above.

I'm thankful for so many things—
Books, games and toys, and a bird that sings.
Just think of the children that are sick and sad,
Who have not very much to make them glad!

Give away all that you can spare,
Even your treasures that are rare,
And in return, some sunny day,
You'll see what comes around your way.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

ON a lovely April day
Comes grandmother's birthday;
And I hope you will have a merry one,
With lots of joy, and lots of fun.

I wish I could be by your side,
But we are apart so wide,
That I am sending you this greeting,
And I hope it will seem like a meeting.

And now, a happy birthday to you;
I hope your presents will not be few,
And the days of the new year full of joy,
Without a care to you annoy.

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